



**Morgan Owners Group**

**The  
Inestimable  
Blurb**

*The Morgan Journal  
for sporting connoisseurs*

NOV 83 4-83



**Inside . . .** THE 'LIVING ROOM SPECIAL' SAVED?



## PREZ' PIECE

Thanks to all for such a fantastic turnout to Niagara 83, the best ever, plus the compliments about our new location for the event, on the strength of which John & Sharon are already arranging for next year at the same place. Added to which, they are trying to obtain a group club booking at a nearby recommended Motel, Sharon plans to visit and inspect the rooms soon which we have been assured are very clean and cheaper than those in NOTL, a big thanks to the Roden's who worked so hard to give us all a good time.

Chuck & Eva Busby wrote to thank us for making them so welcome at Niagara, plus sent the dissappointing news that on their return trip home to DC an elderly Gentleman decided to drive across the highway right in front of them near Gettysburg, luckily none were injured and arrangements are already being made for the repairs to their Mog as soon as they get it home, compliments of said Gentlemans Ins Co.

With the new members that joined us at Niagara, plus several tardy ones sending in their 83 dues we are now back up to the 81 membership again, this along with the excelent regalia sales at Niagara has put our club back on a sound footing again. Pauline has plans for next years regalia, while Doug & I will try to arrange for more editions of the Blurb to come out in 84.

The room alocation for the Canadian contingent for MOG 84 in Malvern for next July was exeeded befor we even got to print the news in the last Blurb, to date we have 11 double rooms booked from July 21st to the 30th. Owing to some confusion with other overseas clubs and their bookings, I think, if there are any more interested in going we might be able to swing it for a couple more rooms, the confusion is over the commitment that to book the whole Hotel all those rooms MUST be taken for the full 9 days, though the Facory Meet is only for 3 days, the balance of the time will have additional events to fill all the days for all the overseas Morgan visitors, all arranged by Roger Moran from Belgium, anyone wishing more info on this 75th Anniversary Meet for the Morgan Motor Co can contact me, costs for the 9 nights lodgings are £14.50 per person per night including breakfast (£20 including dinner). Add V.A.T.

..... Audrey Beer

### MOG 84 (the Morgan Leap Year)

In 1980 Morgan's 70th anniversary was celebrated and in 1984 the Factory has decided to celebrate its 75th anniversary!

FRIDAY JULY 27, 1984 Evening : Civic Reception at Winter Gardens, Malvern  
 SATURDAY JULY 28, 1984 : 'SPORTS' DAY at PRESCOTT  
 - Evening : Buffet/Dance at Winter Gardens, Malvern  
 SUNDAY JULY 29, 1984 : CONCOURS and SPARES FAIR at EASTNOR CASTLE.

Without doubt this will be the biggest Morgan meeting ever and overseas enthusiasts will surely wish to participate in this event of a lifetime in the heart of England where the cars are built.

## WOMBAT ON THE WARPATH?

AN AMERICAN EDITOR FLYS OVER BLURB  
TERRITORY AND WILL GET SHOT DOWN NEXT  
TIME IF HE IS NOT CAREFUL

*Washington club calls your Editor a 'Paste Pot'*

Under the influence of a benign mood, your editor was browsing bemusedly through other Morgan club magazines when he came upon an especially scurrilous editorial in *Rough Rider*. It purported to review reports of MOG 13 in the Morgan media. In fact the anthology was but a smokescreen by the trivia-tipsy editor (the founder of W.O.M.B.A.T. and reportedly ungrateful for the Blurb's recent and lavish coverage of his pet). A crafty curmudgeon, that vituperative editor attempted to lull us with an innocuous pre-ambule; *Canada's The Blurb presented the usual gracious response by Audrey Beer, a lovely lady who always seems to have a good time...* He then lept into a tirade ... *but other than her single paragraph, there was no mention of MOG 13. Hard after this shot across the bow the Rough Rider disgorged the following effluvium... Quite possibly because its editor, Rajah of Reprints, Sultan of Scissors; and Prince of the Pastepot, had not yet had an opportunity of reading the other Morgan magazines from which he invariably assembles his amusing hodge podge.*

OF COURSE there wasn't an article about MOG 13 - nor any on Morgans at Morro Bay nor Beetmog nor the International Gathering of Four/Four's with their Spiritual Ancestor the Nash Metropolitan at Ommemee, Ontario. Let it be known that the Blurb moves with due deliberate speed ; if the long projected article on MOG 13 by----- doesn't get squeezed out by an incredibly witty report from SNOBMOG or an anthology from Hortense of technical articles about sliding pillars, we'll stuff it someplace in this issue.

Speaking of Morro Bay (the BIG California meet), we see that the *Rough Rider's* editor refers to "Morro Bay, a hideous maritime disaster".

Now, before HOGMOG screams for retaliatory action (we can expect a knee-jerk demand from our Circulation Manager to cut off Washington's free supply of Blurbs) consider their editor's motives. He is notorious for avidly collecting and publishing Morgan trivia and no doubt this Maharajah of Misprints just wants to get an inter-club war going so that he can build up the Morgan world's foremost collection of original manuscripts and letters from all the undoubtedly famous but furious Morgan editors. Members no doubt will applaud as we rise above this sordid business.



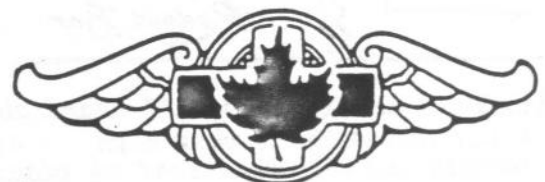
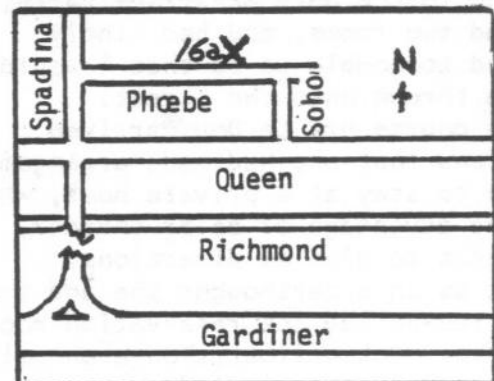
## CHRISTMAS IN SOHO

Sat Dec 10, 8 PM at 16a Phœbe Street, Toronto.

Tour the Rumohrs' fabulous 'Brownstone of Soho' in Toronto's trendy Soho district just off the Queen West village.

POTLUCK AND BYOB  
RSVP 593 6687

Get off the Gardiner Expressway at Spadina and park at the commercial lot at Queen & Soho (avoid the maze of one-ways)

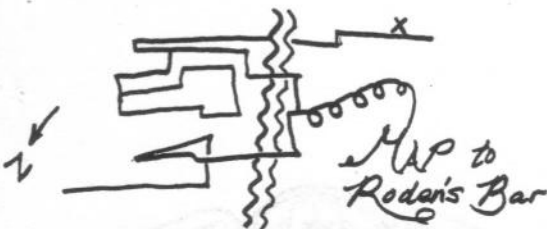


# Niagara 83

September 9, 10, 11

Photos by Sharon Roden

A Masterpiece of organizational efficiency! A superb event which was planned to perfection! The Finest MOG ever held! These were some of the suggestions I received from this year's organizer, John Roden, when I innocently disclosed that I was doing the write up for Niagara 83 as John served me another hamburger at the Sunday afternoon barbecue in his backyard. Could this possibly be true? It had seemed rather different on Friday afternoon when I arrived at the Angel Hotel. "I believe I have a room for the night", I said politely. The staff checked the book and, sure enough, my name was there, but had been crossed out, and they were full. Mrs Le Doux, who runs the place between telling ghost stories and playing the piano, was away for the first night in 16 years, but she was immediately telephoned and decided to come back at once to sort it out. "Don't hurry", I said, as I settled down at the bar with a beer, and chatted to the Gary McFarlane party, who had two rooms, and had kindly offered to double up so that I would not be thrown onto the street. In due course Mrs Le Doux\*arrived with news that she had made arrangements for me to stay at a private home, which had the advantage of being cheaper, and began to give me directions. Almost as an afterthought she and the staff reexamined the reservation book, and after much deliberation eventually pronounced that I did indeed have a room and the private home had to be cancelled. It seems that the Angel Hotel has little to learn from the Morgan Motor Company about management information systems.



\* Editor Comment; We've all heard about Irma La Douce and we know what kind of place she worked out of. What sort of place does Mme Le Doux operate?

The Noggin and Natter at Roden's Bar was, I understand, well attended, though several people found the finding of it to be somewhat of a challenge. I gave it a miss, and saw Shaw's "The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles" instead. Those who doubted Shaw's close connection with the Morgan Motor Company (Blurb, September 1980) will be fascinated to learn that "thoughts of Malvern" are used by the Reverend Phosphor Hammingtap in an effort to resist temptations of the flesh. Were Shaw writing today, with the current relaxed attitude towards mentioning commercial brand names, he doubtless would have come right out and said "Morgans."

Saturday was a scorcher. Forty five Morgans were at the Fun Concours at the Niagara Parks Commission "Whirlpool" restaurant, and attracted considerable attention from the tourists.

The New York group once again generously provided little savoury snacks and sweets, incorporating for the first time cocktail sticks with Union Jacks and Stars and Stripes attached - an appropriate touch. The heat drove people into the bar (honest, it was the heat) or under the trees as the afternoon wore on, and a few of the more adventurous spirits went for a spin to get some cooling breeze. This was harmless enough, except, unfortunately, for Martin Beer. While trying out brother Steve's trike, he unexpectedly crossed swords with a wasp, and had to visit the hospital for treatment. He was out of commission for the evening, but was well enough to put in an appearance at Sunday's barbecue. A resilient breed, those Beers!



Later in the afternoon, a group of the inveterate imbibers went off for a tour of the Chateau des Charmes winery. Our guide, the owner's son, explained the process from start to finish, after which we sampled their products. We learned a good deal about wines and winemaking, and he learned a little about the inimitable Alan Sands.\* While the guide was explaining how the grapes are removed from their stems, Alan sidled up to a propane powered tractor, and did his famous "air leak" impersonation (not heard since the White Water Rafting trip) causing the guide to interrupt his explanation, and come over to check that the propane valve was turned off properly. You can dress him up, but.....



*ABS doing his famous imitation of a high pressure propane tractor about to explode. An equally irresponsible Peter Pfahl making no effort to control ABS (or himself). Guide (back to camera) not amused.*

The buffet dinner at the Whirlpool represented sound value for money, especially to those who went round enough times to make a normal person giddy. John Roden did an excellent job as Master of Ceremonies, all the more so because he was not "volunteered" for the role until 3:30 that afternoon. There were numerous awards for the usual selection of crazy categories

\*Editor Comment; Reg Beer has attempted (unsuccessfully) on a few occasions to imitate A B Sands.



*Steve Bridges, winner of 'Judges Choice'*

(e.g. Grungiest Top, Leakiest Radiator, and Least Likely To Make It Home), as well as the serious prizes, Judges Choice (Steve Bridges's 4/4) and Peoples Choice (Peter Pfahl's +4), which were presented by the special guest Dennis Parish, the British Ambassador in Toronto. Paddy Weir, the celebrated anesthetist and cocktail mixer, won the Judges Special Award for his +8.



*British Ambassador, Dennis Parish, presenting 'Peoples' Choice' award to Peter Pfahl.*



**A** Carol Cigangna, winner of Gift of Life award for the least amount of oil in the crankcase; "Gee, this is the first time I've actually ever had a whole can of oil!"

A unusual award was given to Alan Sands for coming to a Morgan meet in his Morgan, instead of his favorite Allard. This exceptional act was said to have been forced on him because his cat had had kittens in the Allard, and could not be moved for a while. I find that hard to believe. The way Alan drives, most of his passengers end up having kittens, and that's never stopped him before.

For the second year, Dave Turnbull and John Collins were the only two idiots to rise for the 7 A.M. "Wake-Up Run", and though they did see a cruiser on duty, did not run afoul of the law. The late risers assembled at the Pillar and Post after breakfast for a sedate procession of 10 Morgans through the back roads of the peninsula, led by John Roden, who took the occasional wrong turn here and there, but had little trouble in locating Roden's Bar when it came to the crunch. We stopped at Lock 3 on the welland Canal to watch the Ralph Misener, a 700-foot laker, pass through - an impressive sight indeed. Those in the procession had to try and answer a number of questions by observing signs en route, and the prize for the most complete set of answers was awarded to Audrey Beer after a tie-breaking draw.

We then relaxed in the Roden's back yard, quenched our thirst, and swapped the usual tall stories about Morgans, cars in general, and anything else that happened to come up,



Chris Charles, winner of the New Car award (not a 'keeper'); "This is the first time in my life I've ever won anything and if they think I'm turning it in after a year, they're crazy!"

including Martin's encounter with the wasp. The weather throughout the weekend had been magnificent; if anything, Saturday had been a little too hot and sunny, so most people sought shade under the trees or near the house.

Gradually, the numbers dwindled as ones or twos decided to hit the trail, and yet another "Niagara" MOG drew to a close.



"we don't mind in the least, even if we did go out and buy a special Morgan. There'll be lots more years to win Peoples' Choice". (L to R) Paul Rich, Sharon Rodin, and Dick Larrick reflecting on the vagaries of fortune.

I'm not sure I would get unanimous support for "a masterpiece of organizational efficiency" though everything did work out and I'm confident everyone had a thoroughly enjoyable time, and would join me in congratulating the organizers, principally John and Sharon Roden, on a job well done. All the important ingredients were there, and the registration, regalia and banquet fees were all very reasonable. At Niagara 83, no one could complain about being stung - well, almost no one..... John Collins

Editor's Comment to the Author; Some day, Collins, you'll go too far and I won't be around to shield you from irate readers. Particularly ABS whom you especially seem to pick on. His excuse about the Allard is undoubtedly true. My own orange cat, "Mog", was born 11 years ago in the same Allard. The kitten was named by ABS but I soon tired of calling it to our suburban door at night "Here Stud! Here Stud!" So I renamed it "Mog". This caused some confusion when my daughter was born and dubbed "Meg".

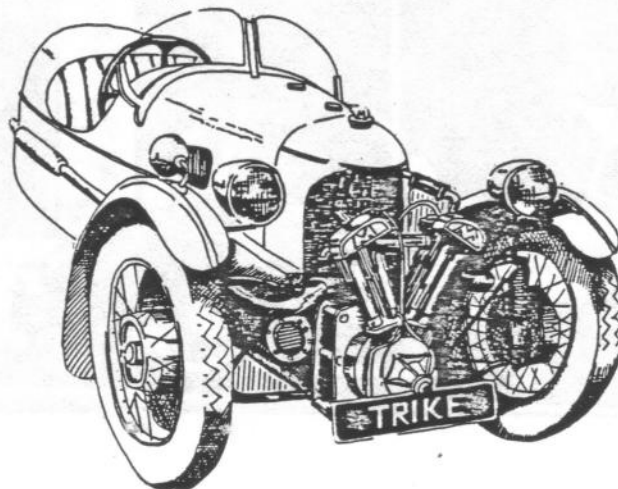
Editor Comment; Photos of Martin rubbing the injured part will NOT be published.

Soiree at the Whirlpool Club.



NIAGARA 83 AWARD WINNERS

- |                          |                     |                    |                       |
|--------------------------|---------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|
| 1st to Register          | Gary McFarlane      | Overheating Award  | Joss & Pete Matheuman |
| Dept of Transport Reject | Nick & Linda Murphy | Wimp Award         | Richard Andrews       |
| Longest Distance         | Al Marsh, Wash DC   | Grungy Award       | Richard Andrews       |
| Dirtiest Top             | Al Isselhard        | Honourable Mention | Bob & Georgina Abels  |
| Least Likely to Get Home | Paul Rich           | Plaques            | Brent Walker          |
| (self inflicted)         |                     |                    | Bob & Cindy Mitchell  |
| Worst New Car            | Chris Charles       | Model              | Paddy Weir            |
| Best New Car             | Chris Charles       | Other              | Martin Beer           |
| Gift of Life (for car)   | Carol Cigagna       |                    | read report           |



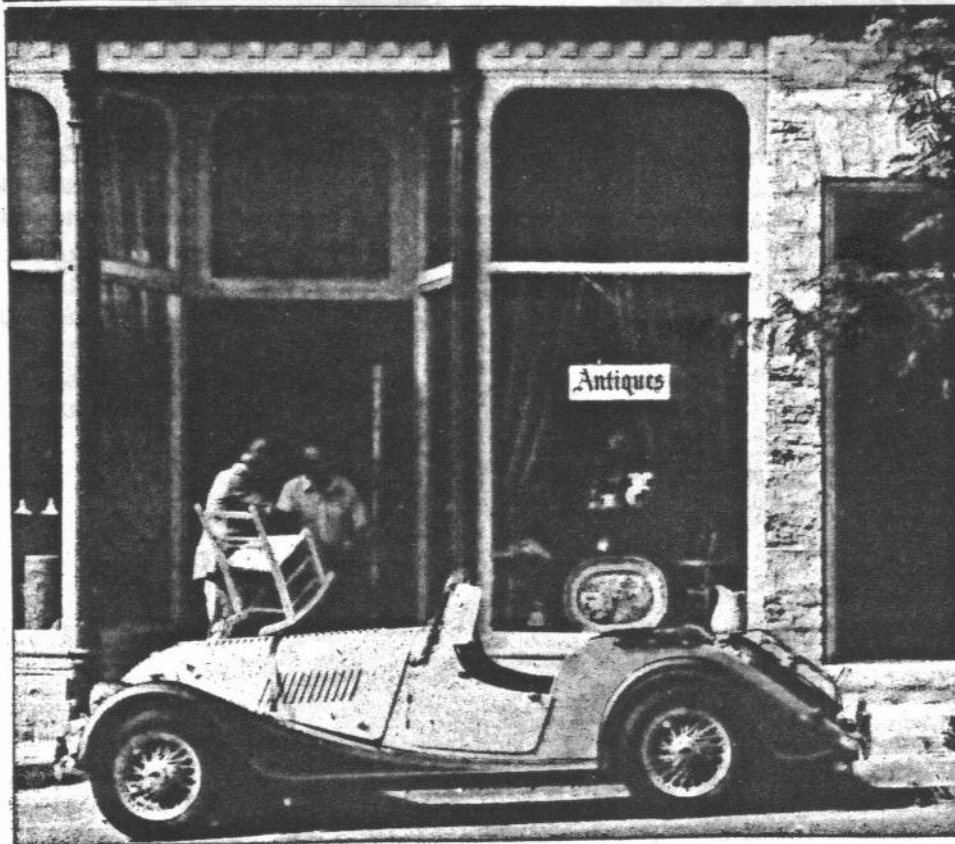
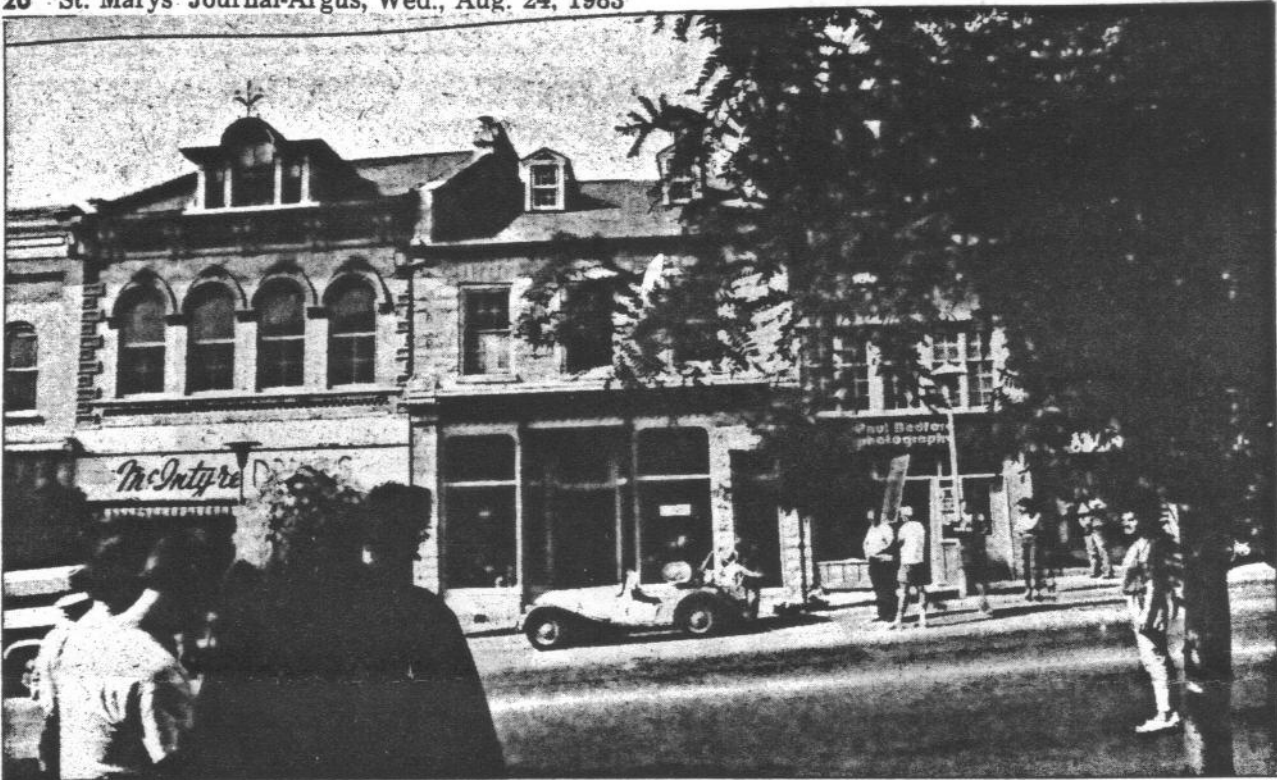
## OUR BURSAR RETIRES

After her tour of duty, Mary Shier has retired from the twin post of treasurer and membership secretary. Our many thanks for your help, Mary.

And a welcome to Linda rumohr who has taken over this task.

Incidentally, Mary sent along the following newsclippings from St Mary's Ontario:

20 St. Marys Journal-Argus, Wed., Aug. 24, 1983



**THE RECENTLY REPAIRED** and painted Town Hall Antiques (see above) building on Queen Street was chosen for a television commercial promoting Ontario last week. Here a film crew from Partners Film Co. of Toronto set the scene for a commercial for the Ontario - Yours To Discover series. The footage is not likely to be shown until about April.

(Staff Photo)

**AT THE LEFT, JOHN SHEELER**, of Town Hall Antiques, at right, may find himself in a television commercial promoting Ontario's attractions. Mr. Sheeler and his antique store were included in a film last week for a commercial commissioned by the Ministry of Tourism and Culture. The car in the foreground was specially driven in from Toronto for the filming. (Staff Photo)



# PIPERS HILL PIG-OUT

DREADED FIAT CURSE STRIKES A THIRD TIME...



*Photos by Luciano Ghislanzoni*

Good things, they say, happen in threes - just ask any trike owner - but it was, perhaps, a pity that the 16th Annual Piper's Hill gathering was, for the third consecutive year, rained upon. Fortunately, this year, the rain held off until past 8:00 p.m. and did not interfere unduly with the rest of the proceedings, which held a few interesting and unexpected novelty items.

Some 15½ Morgans attended, the "½" being a scaled down version of the Living Room Special, painstakingly constructed by Melissa Ghislanzoni, a task made all the more difficult by the constant interference of her Father, Luciano. Well done Melissa, it certainly was worth the effort. Martin Beer's resurrected 4/4 made its Canadian debut after having cleaned up at Washington, and Brian and Linda Rumohr's refurbished drophead was also out for the first time, parked close to the '83 4/4 Chris Charles has brought in for modification to Canadian standards and subsequent sale.



# Bolton Bash

SUNDAY AUG 14, 2PM

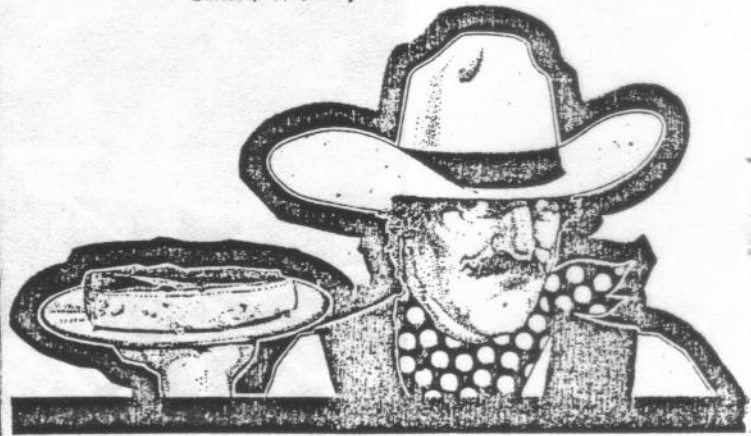


A surprise ceremony was held to mark the birthday of one, Reginald Beer. Rumour has it that Reg's original birth certificate was lost in the Great Fire of London, so his actual age is a matter for some dispute, but he was presented with a parcel containing products designed to assist more mature citizens of 60 or so. I, of course, am totally unfamiliar with any of these commodities, but the package contained a bottle of strawberry coloured liquid, labelled Pepto Bismol, corn plasters, a package of Preparation "H", which I believe to be a hair restorer, and a box of Grecian Formula, the use of which I cannot begin to guess. I'm sure Reg will know what to do with them all, but if he is in doubt, he also received a magnifying glass for those instructions provided only in small print.

We all sampled slices of the birthday cake, and the draw for the 40 ounces of Canadian Club was won by John Collins. A usually reliable source estimated that approximately 250 people were in attendance, but when pressed, Alan admitted the actual figure might be closer to 70. Clearly he must have spent too much time washing the hog which was barbecued and shared among however many people really were there, all of whom, needless to say, had a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon.

John Collins.

*Editor Comment; well, John, I see you got it all wrong about the ½ scale Living Room Special so now I'll have to find space for a proper report.*

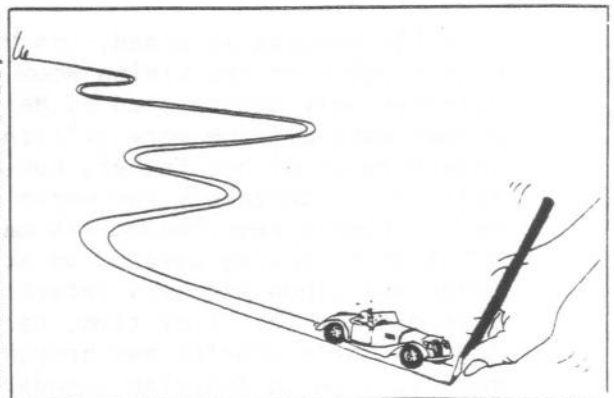


Naturally we were all a little curious as to whether the Beers' Bolton Bash could attract more Morgans than its rival Piper's Hill (which had a good turn-out).

Since the Bolton event didn't get properly publicised this year (due to a change in Blurb publication dates) it was obvious to the pundits (Ladbrookes gave 5:1 odds) that Piper's Hill would walk away with the honours. To their surprise, the Bolton event held its own - a testimony to its long tradition as a good place to gather with Morgan friends. It's also a good chance to see what's cooking in Reg Beer's famed vintage car restoration workshops.

Once again Steve Beer treated us to a slide show of past events and as an added attraction the Oakland-Pontiac club was on hand.

With thanks to MORGAN-POST, MCD



## The 1983 4/4 Has Arrived!

◀ MALVERN IN 1983; a milestone for Morgans in Canada as Chris Charles takes delivery of a new Morgan 4/4. The first new Morgan to arrive in Canada for some time. It is Ford/gasoline powered and now meets all requirements. It's for sale (at time of writing). For this car or another contact Chris. (Tell him the Editor sent you.)

Chris Charles  
**CMC ENTERPRISES**  
27 WILHELM ST. KITCHENER, ONT



24 HOUR SERVICE TO NORTH AMERICA  
BY TELEPHONE (519) 743-2491

**YOUR FACTORY AUTHORIZED  
CANADIAN SOURCE FOR  
PARTS AND SERVICE**



MOG 13 - WASHINGTON DC

### HOGMOG RULES

*Editor Comment; picking my way through the insults in the Rough Rider, I spotted some familiar names in the prize lists summarised as follows and apologies for inadvertent omissions;*

*Mike Beale; Concours Best in Show, 3 whlr class (1st), Most Popular (an MX4 restored by Reg Beer)*

*Charles Miller; Concours 4 Str (1st)  
Martin Beer; Concours Late 4/4 Judges  
Spec Award, Gymkhana (1st),  
Autocross SS Mod (1st)*

*Steve & Nora Bridges; Concours Late  
4/4 (2nd)*

*Pat Weir; Concours +8 Judges' Spec Awd  
Steve Beer; Autocross SS Mod (2nd),  
Rally (3rd O/A, 1st novice).*

*Barbara Rushforth; Rally (ditto)  
Alan Sands; Gymkhana (5th)*



"Greed", a photograph by Audrey Beer of (L to R) Steve Beer, Barbara Rushforth, and Martin Beer first published in *Rough Rider* (a notable lack of club loyalty)

CANADA DEPRESSED ON RETURN OF HOGMOGGERS...

### MOG 13 - WASHINGTON DC

JOHN RODEN'S REPORT ON CANADIAN AVARICE, ESPECIALLY COMMISSIONED FOR THE BLURB (all rights reserved)

Recent geological studies indicate that Canada has sunk several inches in the past year, and blame this phenomenon on the awesome amount of pewter imported into this country during July of 1983. For those of you who missed MOG 13, it can be summed up thus: "HOGMOG hogged".

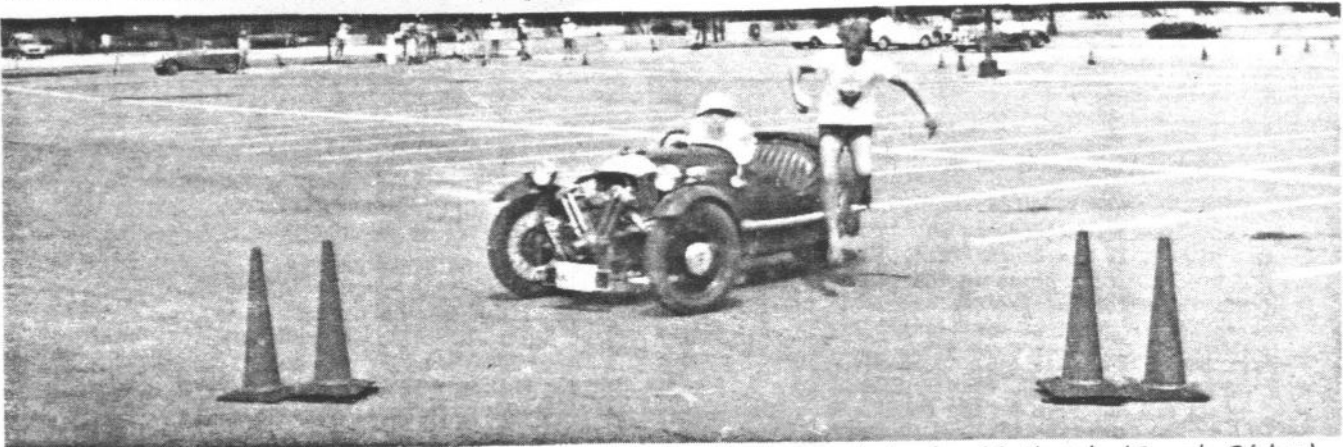
We travelled to Washington on Thursday, in convoy with Steve and Nora Bridges. For those who remember our 1981 trip to Luray, you can appreciate how reassuring it is to travel with people who know (and can repair) Morgans. No problems on this trip - that's two in a row for the 4/4. Thursday's highlight was sailing through a police radar trap at something over the "double-nickel" then watching the trooper pull alongside, eyeball us, then wave and turn back to his parking spot. Carry on, Canada! We arrived at the Dulles Marriott after an easy, relaxing twelve hour drive. In fact, I was so relaxed that I went to bed without supper and slept for the next eleven hours.

Friday was Concours day. Wash-wash-wash and polish-polish-polish all morning and then, Morgans on the Marriott lawn in the afternoon. The weather co-operated this year - lots of sunshine, no rain. About 80 cars were on display, some of which are becoming as familiar as old friends, and some were new -

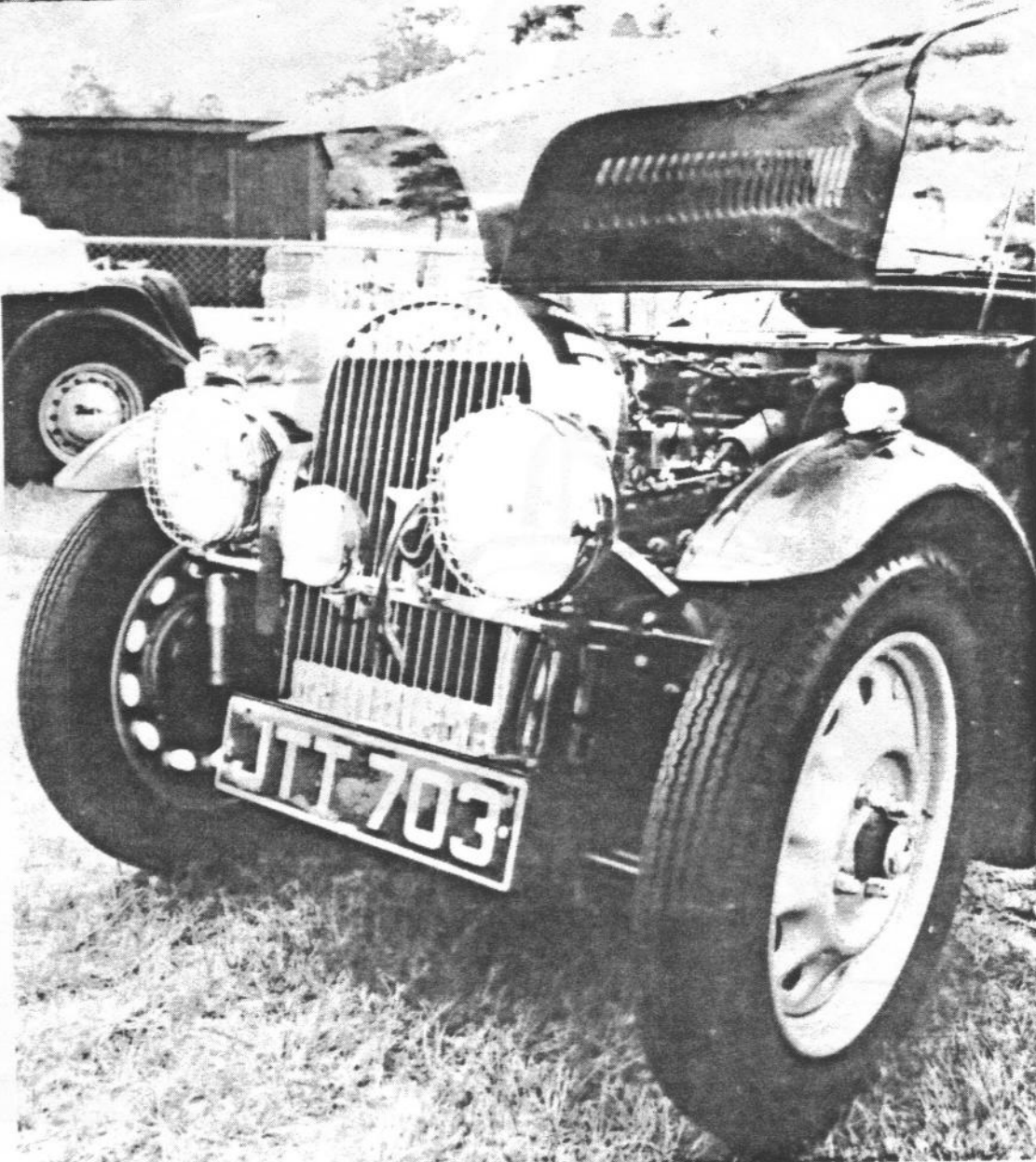
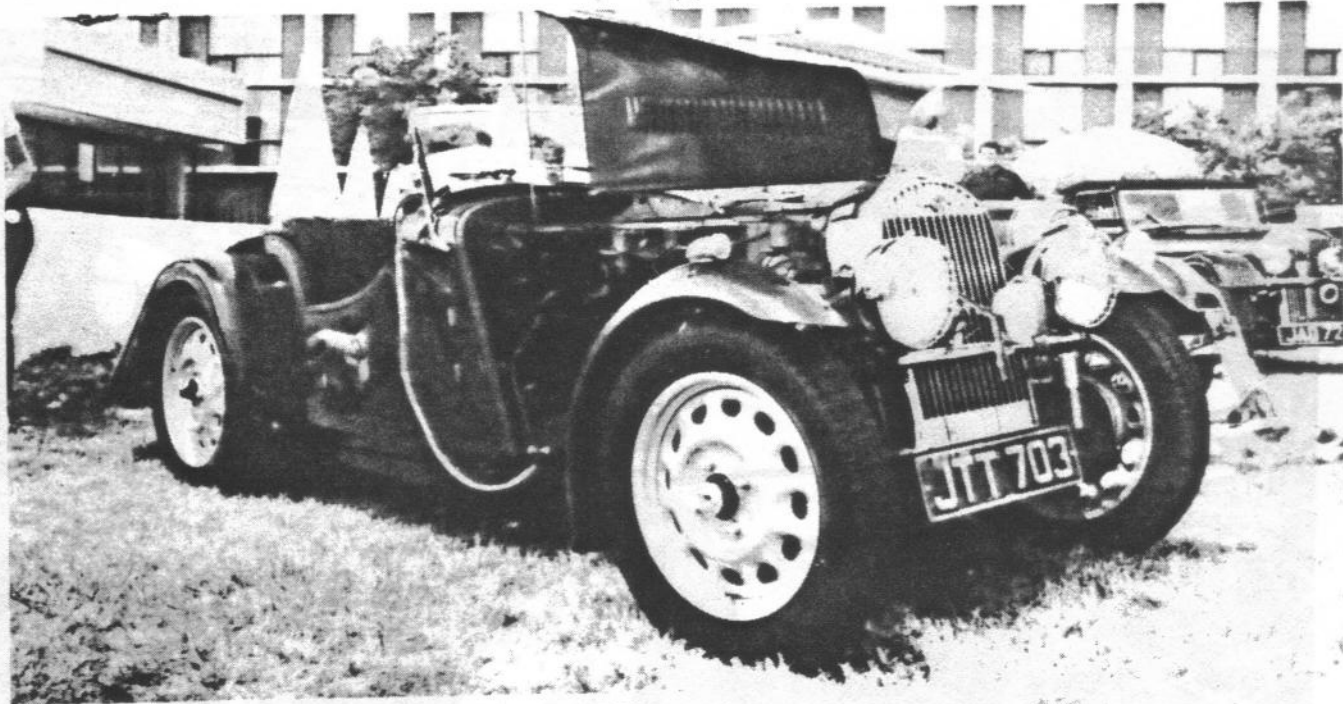
like Charley Millers and Martin Beer's "basket case", there was also a double blue, newly restored DHC and a rare flat-rad DHC (owners unknown). There were even two brand new 83 Morgans, a black +8 (very nice) propane powered and Chris Charles' fresh-off-the-boat green 4/4. Want to know about current Malvern quality? Performance? Handling? Talk to Chris. Volleyball followed the Concours and the "Canadian" team won - an omen of things to come.

Dinner for 30 plus was at "The Great Fritzbees" and, as always, we were as refined and dignified a group as it is possible to meet, especially Mike Beale. Our recollection is that the evening ended early - or did it?

Saturday was sunny, hot and humid - perfect weather for the autocross. I watched some of it, then discreetly retired to our air-conditioned room and watched a ball game. Supper, for a smaller crowd than the night before, was at J.R.'s Stockyard and was excellent. Afterwards we gathered at the Beer's room and some wandered to the pavilion for free beer, darts and a sing-along which featured "Spider John" and Penny Bates. The pavilion also featured a "legs contest". The results of this contest can be obtained from Audrey Beer and readers are urged to ask for them (This ad sponsored by Mrs. A. Beer).



Passenger calls it quits midway through gymkhana, a photo by Al Marsh (*Rough Rider*)

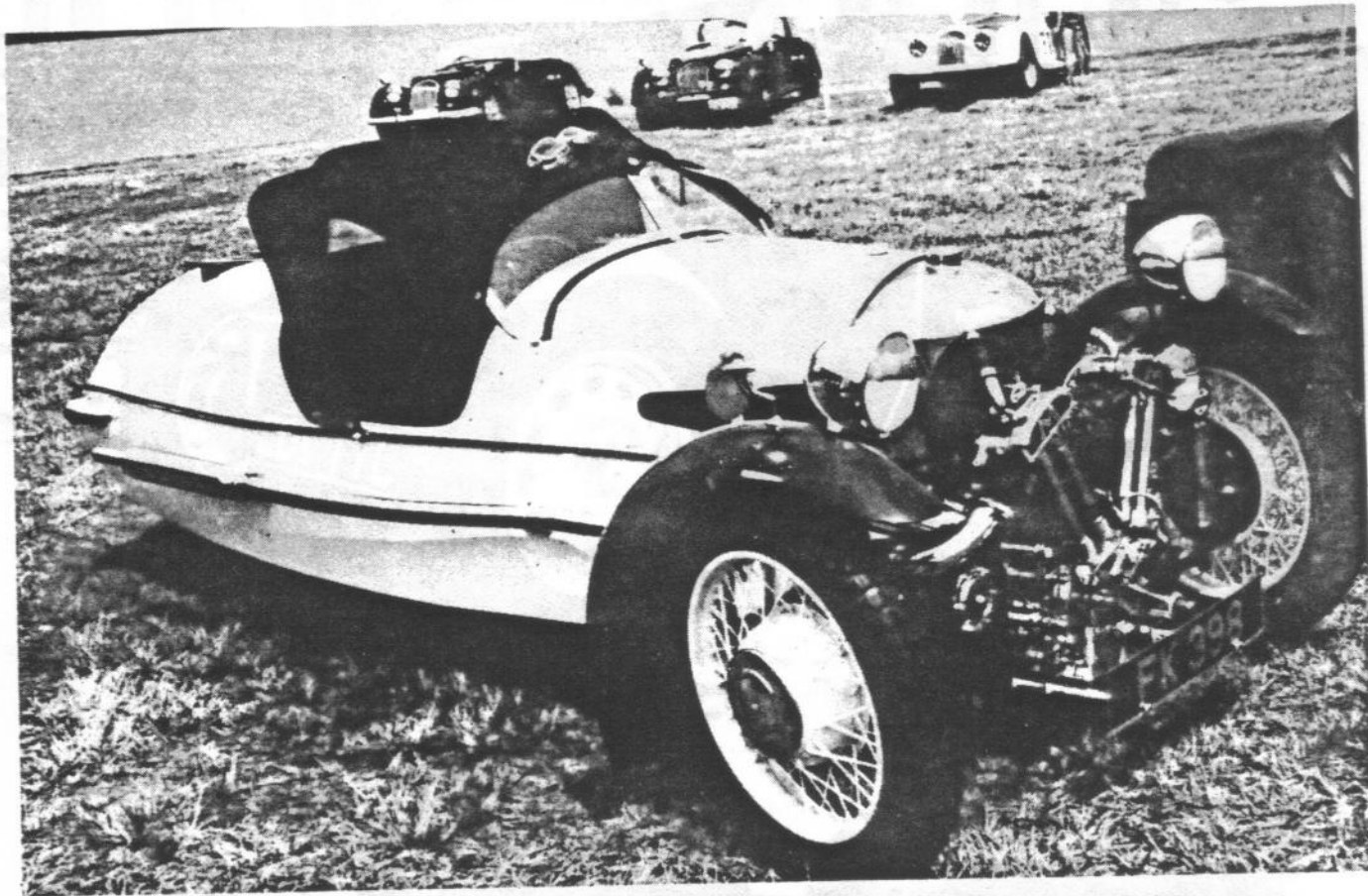


MELVYN RUTTER  
AWARD

To be presented  
each year to the  
work of Morgan  
restoration  
deemed to be  
most perfectly  
and authentic-  
ally rendered.

DAVE BONDON  
'39 LeMans  
Replica

*Editor's note to Printer:  
If Hortense doesn't  
get her article in  
on time, please  
paste up these 2  
pages on 'MDG '13',  
from Rough Rider,  
as is (misprints and  
all).*



CONCOURS D'ELEGANCE BEST IN SHOW

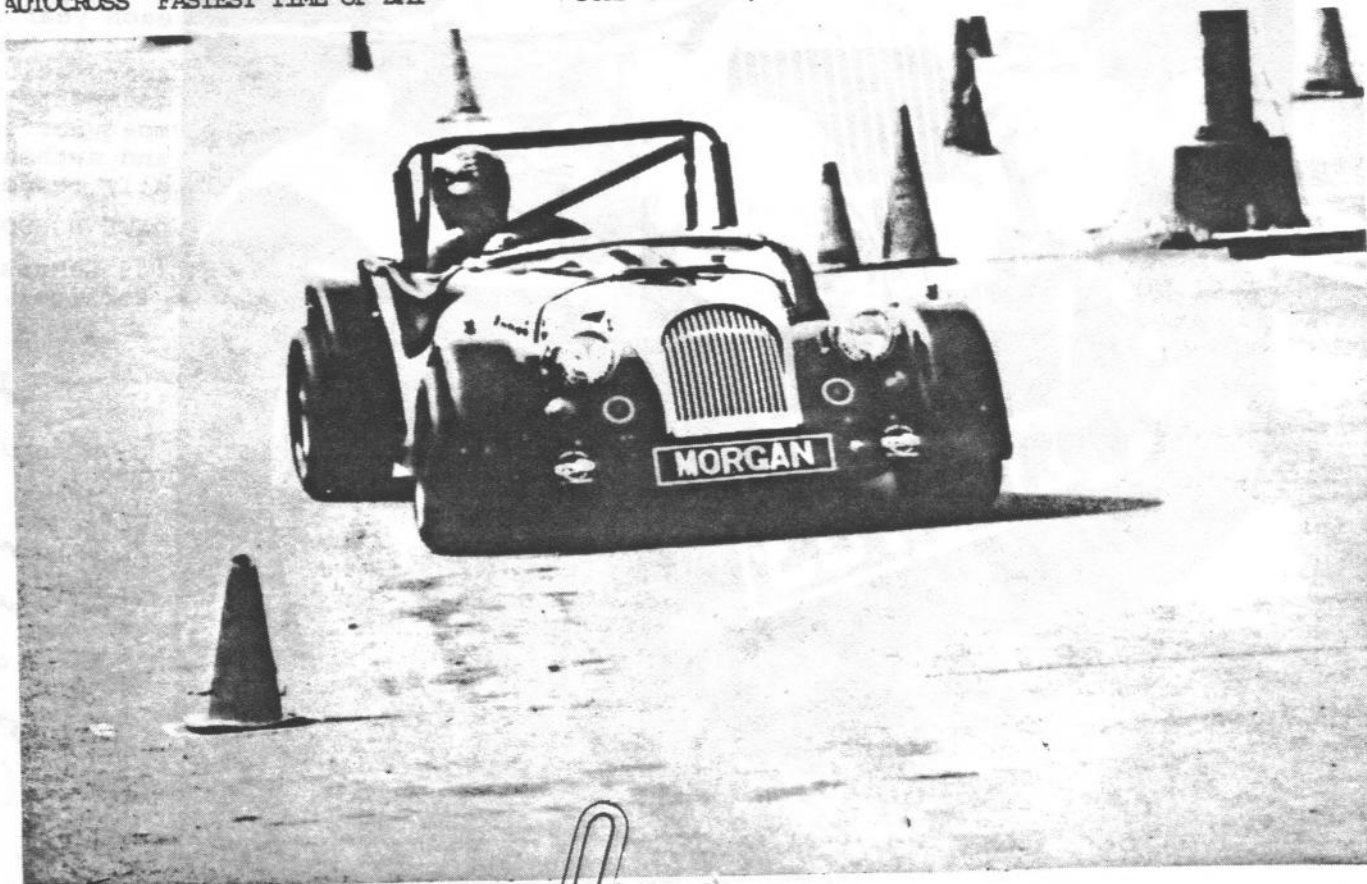
MIKE BEALE

'46 MX 4 Barrelback Trike

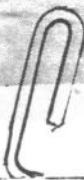
AUTOCROSS FASTEST TIME OF DAY

JOHN SHEALLY, II

'67 4/4 Cosworth/Morgan Competition



22



Sunday was like Saturday, only hotter. Bouncing and jouncing over Fairfax County backroads in 100° heat must be someone's idea of fun, as 34 cars and crews participated in the rally. I worked two check points with Tom Bendon, a Colorado Morganer and damn near melted. Who won? Two young ladies who sold raffle tickets to the participants. The rally was followed by the 1st Annual International Free-Style Relay Race in the Marriott pool. Unfortunately, Steve Beer, Martin Beer and Paddy Weir could not make up the one length lead. We sportingly spotted the Americans and so we let them win. Next time, I'll coach.

Cocktails were followed by the annual awards dinner. Those who survived Al Sands' Bloody Marys whooped it up and with good reason - see the list of winners.

The celebration continued in the Beer's room - Charley Miller slept, John Sheally, Reg Beer and Al Sands entertained. George Lafford modeled sleepwear, Roger Moran described plans for Malvern next summer and the partying continued into Monday, long after the wimps retired.\*

Monday was, perforce, quiet. We went into Washington that evening to see the fireworks, and found to our delight that Mother Nature could compete very successfully with the man-made display. Lightning snapped, crackled and dazzled in the darkening sky, a wild exhibition of electrical energy. Fireworks were very impressive too.

We left for home on Tuesday. I cleverly arranged things so that Sharon had no dirty laundry to wash on our return home. How? Simple - the bag with the dirty laundry (and my clothes) fell off the luggage rack somewhere north of Harrisburg, Pa. Maybe we'll find it in 1985. No not in 1984 - in July 1984 we are going to be in Malvern and our budget won't stretch to cover MOG 14.

*\* Editor Comment; In the interest of balanced reporting you should have explained that the reason the Wimps went to bed early was that their rooms had waterbeds and they wanted to get in some practice for next year's White Water Rafting.*

Some awards not mentioned elsewhere:

Strangest Morgan - G. Lafford, A. Sands (tie)  
R. Beer (3rd)

Strangest Outfit - Charley Miller

*Photo of Mike Beale, a typical picture of a 3 wheeler driver trying to eliminate leg cramps. Flex Fly photo.*



## CONGRATULATIONS

*From the Fall 83 Flexible Flyer (Great Lakes)*

The Great Lakes Morgan Owners Group would like to extend congratulations to one of their own for a fine summer's work.

Mike Beale of Tecumseh, Ontario and his 1946 Mx4 Barrelback Trike found themselves taking honors in two separate meets this summer.

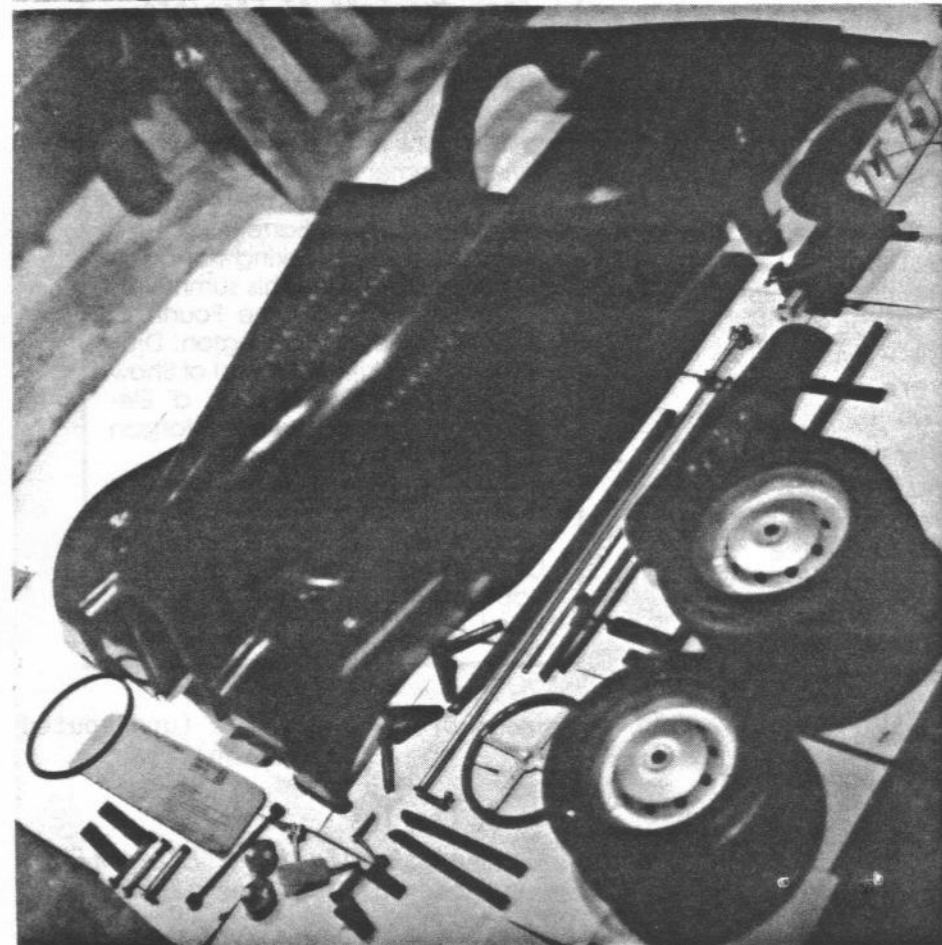
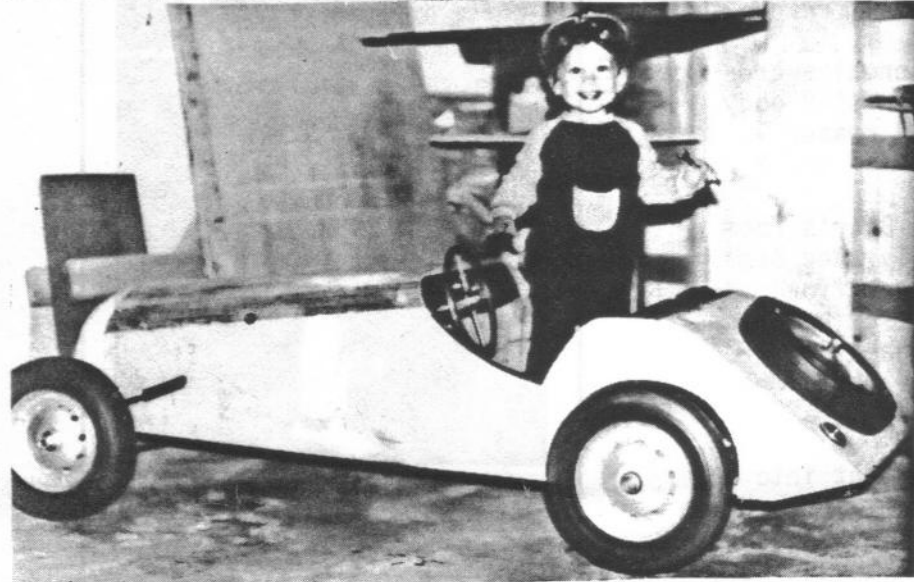
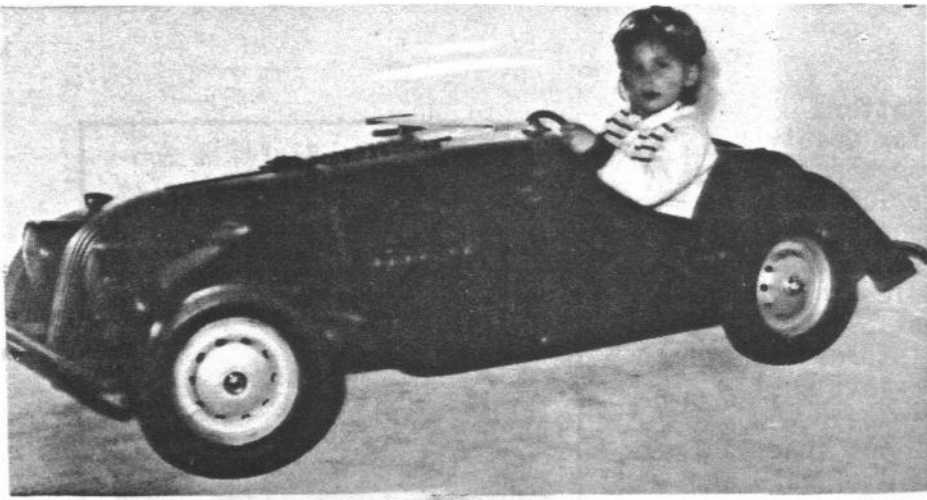
The first was over the Fourth of July weekend in Washington, D.C. Mike and his trike took Best of Show at the MOG 13 Concours d' Elegance sponsored by the Morgan Car Club of Washington, D.C.

Then on August 7 the dashing duo won first place in the sports car class at the Concours d' Elegance Car Show at Meadowbrook Hall in Rochester, Michigan. Fine job Mike!

Most Poisonous Drink - A. Sands (undisputed champion)

Best Pair - C. Charles

*Editor Comment; Surely these categories (and winners) cry out for some elaboration.*



THE "DECOY"  
LIVING ROOM SPECIAL  
photos Luciano Ghislanzoni

Many of our readers will recall the acrimonious debate a couple of years ago in the Dominion Parliament about the poor record of abysmal weather prognostications by the Dominion Department of Meteorology. It got particularly bitter after a tornado surprised the guests at the Governor General's garden party.

Cries for the minister's resignation on grounds of incompetence grew in vociferousness after the precedent was discovered that in the 19th century a Liberal cabinet minister had resigned his job. Critics were temporarily stymied by the establishment of a Royal Commission. Almost unnoticed was an Order in Council, using the War Measures Act, empowering the minister to appropriate any device that might, in his sole judgment, improve his department's forecasting ability.

Fortunately the Order's implications were apparent to an Ottawa Morgan owner who immediately phoned Toronto to warn Luciano Ghislanzoni, the owner of the fabulous "Living Room Special" Plus 4.

A few months later a rumour got out that the house across from the Ghislanzonis had been rented by the RCMP's secret service



"Dirty Tricks" division. Somehow Luciano sensed that this was not to be the new headquarters for organising barn burnings in Quebec.

In conjunction with his closest Morgan friends a secret strategy was hammered out.

As many of our readers know, the "Living Room Special" was so named because Luciano never took it out if there was the slightest possibility of rain (or tornadoes). Whenever he promised to bring it to a Morgan event we knew that we would have good weather. It was 100% sure. Some members bragged incautiously; the RCMP got wind of it and plotted to seize the car.

Of course Luciano didn't dare take the car out again and HOGMOG and has had its events rained upon for the past 3 years. We referred to this as the Dreaded Fiat Curse to throw the Government off the track. And we chatted happily in the rain as though we enjoyed our Manhattens watered down, rationalising that the secret police hidden the bushes were getting just as wet.

Meanwhile Luciano set out to get a decoy Morgan. The Factory quoted 15 years (special colours take longer). He could not believe the prices they wanted for new Morgans these days.

So Luciano decided to construct a mock Morgan powered by an electric engine. But then Lilliana played up and declared that she wasn't having another Morgan in *her* living room.

Careful measurement established that if he built his decoy just slightly less than half scale he could hide it under young Melissa's crib. And so the project began. Cleverly crafted from wood and metal the Decoy slowly took shape. Melissa then got a bit stropopy about all that hammering under her crib so Luciano placated her by giving her title.

Some of us were a bit apprehensive the first time the diminutive Morgan motored down the drive but the secret police didn't notice the difference.

Many members (not 'in the know') were perplexed when Melissa motored into Piper's Hill in the pouring rain. No one was more perplexed than the secret police who were watching from the trees. They reported to Ottawa that the "Living Room Special" had lost its charm.

The Minister immediately switched to Plan "B" and vacated the house across the street. Now the Weather Report never gives an absolute forecast; it's always a certain % chance it will rain and a % chance it won't. No one can gain-say the department's claim to never be wrong.

Everyone now is happy. At least until last

week when Luciano got a registered letter from the Metrication Board advising that Melissa's car is being impounded because it was built using Imperial measurements.



photo from Morgan Club de France

#### COVETED W.I.M.P. AWARD....

Dear Sir,

Congratulations on a fine article on the Ottawa Whitewater Rafting expedition. Your graphic descriptions of some of the more exhilarating moments surely must have caught everyone's imagination, and I will be surprised if only two rafts are enough next time.

There was, however, one serious omission - the lack of reference to the singularly spectacular achievement of Alan Sands. For his outstanding prowess (a term deriving from the Phoenecian, meaning stern behaviour at the front of a boat) he was awarded the rare and coveted accolade, Whitewater International Master Paddler, and I feel this fact should be recorded. Under these circumstances, whilst I realize that space in your columns is at a premium, I trust you will give serious consideration to publication of this letter.

Yours respectfully,

John Collins.

*Editor Comment; We are intrigued at the writer's reference to AB Sands' "stern behaviour at the front of the boat". Is that how ABS had us going in circles? Incidentally, your calligraphy of phoenecian was a bit off*

# MOM ONE: MORGANS AT MORRO BAY, 1983

by Larry Ayers

The idea seemed simple enough. Let's have a West Coast Morgan event half-way between San Francisco and Los Angeles, on the Pacific Coast. The concept was moved forward mainly through Bob Schmidt, Lynn Bird, Gerry Willburn with help from several others, and finally, a lot of hard work and skillful organization made it all happen during July 15 through 18.

People began arriving at the Golden Tee Resort Lodge Friday morning for registration and immediately swamped the reservation desk. Mogs were seen all over Morro Bay at every motel, bar and restaurant, and were instantly accepted by the local residents, waving and throwing admiring glances to all.

The Texas group arrived early with their party of five cars, including a fiberglass +4+ coupe. Several cars from Nevada, Idaho, Minnesota, Oregon, Arizona and other of the Western states transported their marvelous owner/drivers to Morro Bay. Of course the largest contingents were from the Northern and Southern California Plus Four Clubs.

Registration continued through Friday night late at one end of a room in which took place the darts tournament (three boards, a championship division with 23 entries, and a junior division with 2), with the more serious non-dart players putting away the drinks in the adjoining room. Sloane Stegen edged Brett Fisher for the Junior Title, while a number of fierce head-to-head contests decided the championship. After three elimination rounds, it all came down to a match between June Chafey (Fog-Mog) and Beck Haywood (Southern Club, and on his honeymoon!) for the trophy. It was point matched by point with a game of "501" for all the marbles, until June got her "double" to go out. What a match! Each player picked up a well-earned trophy at the banquet.

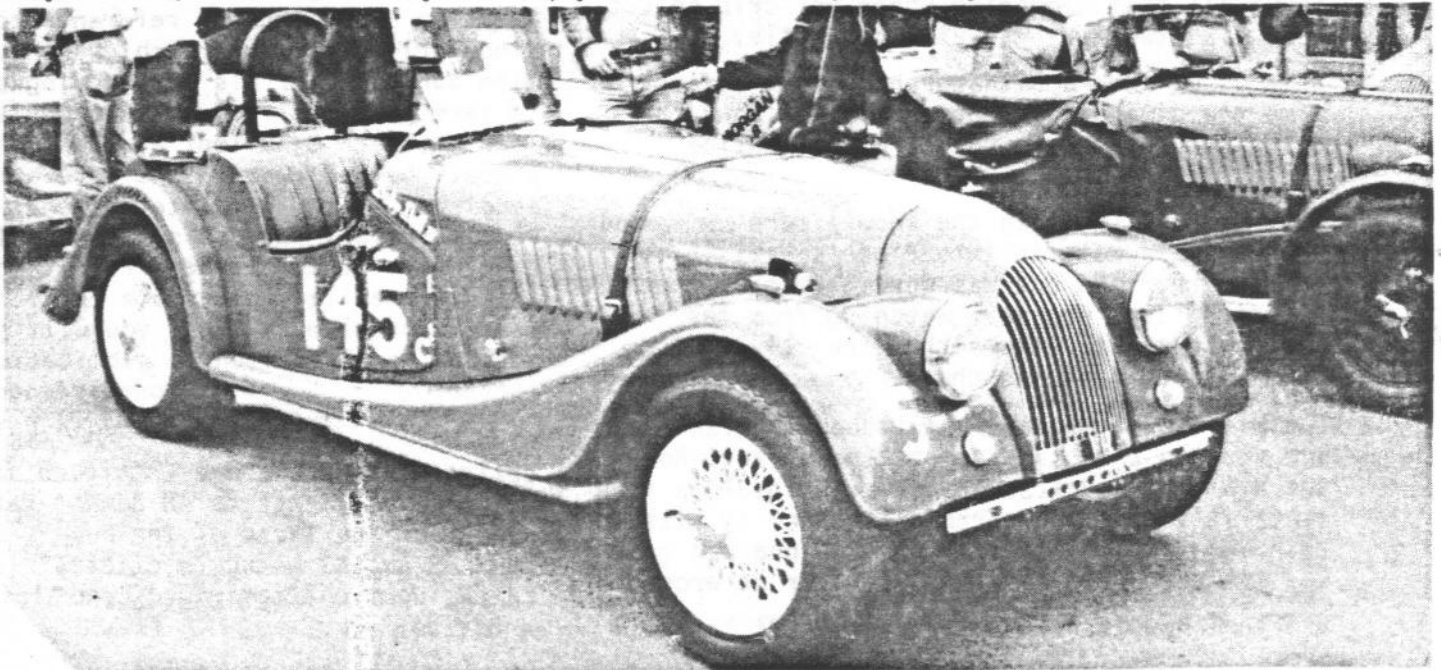
Saturday was Concours, and John Willburn and staff did an outstanding job of forcing a total of 96 Morgans into the lower parking lot behind the Golden Tee. The setting was perfect, with the Bay below and Morro Bay Rock in the distance. Although the weather was overcast, with a cool fog, it was not cold, a perfect, shadowless picture-taking abounded. Would you believe nine Dropheads, four Trikes (plus a fifth, the cutest little green radio-controlled Matchless Super Sports model you ever saw, built and shown by Chuck Canniff of Costa Mesa, CA), Baby Doll IV, the Texas +4+ and a vast number of other beautiful Moggies? Cars were grouped into eight classes and judged on a 500-point scale in 5 categories. Many thanks to John, his helpers and judges for a super job.

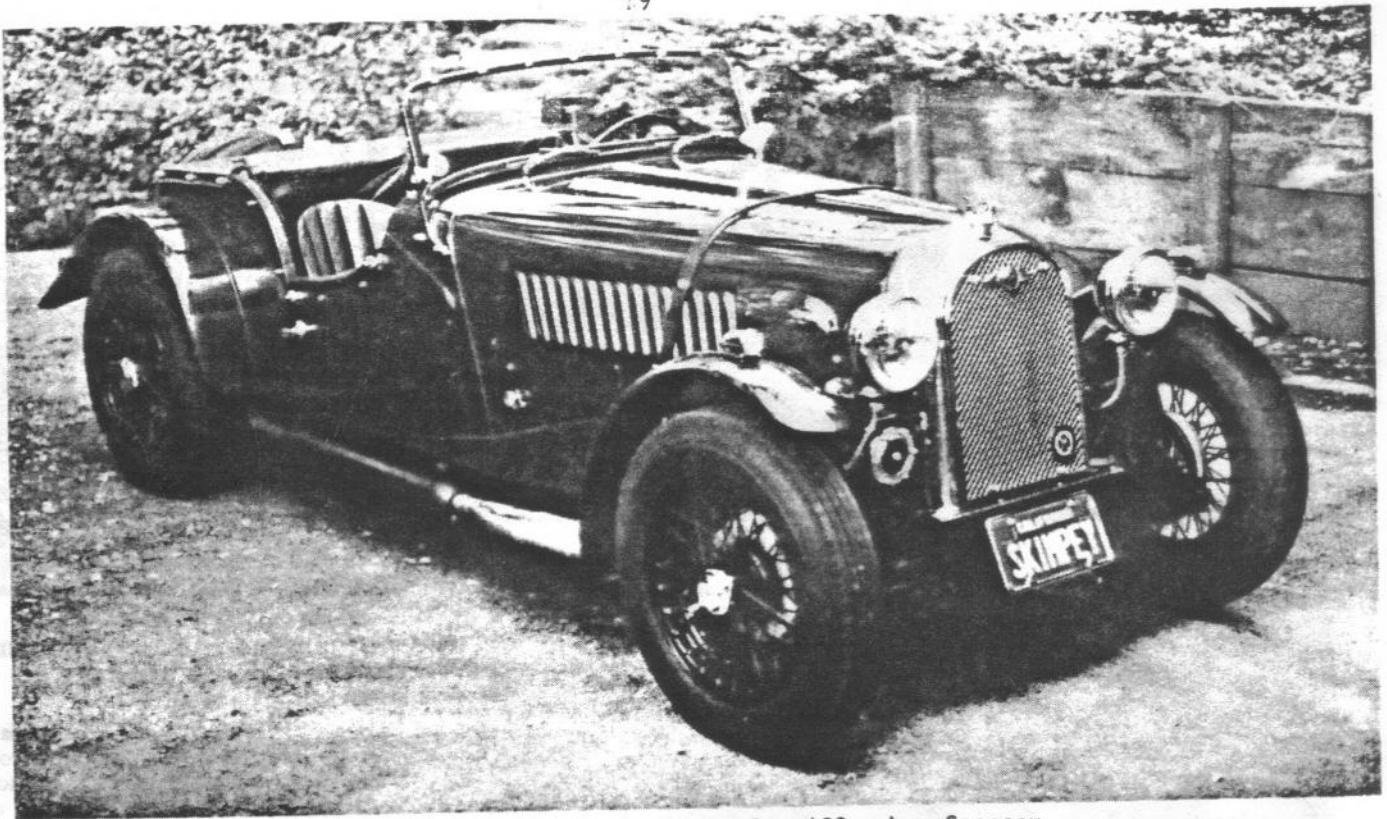
Part of the display was a regalia sale, and there was something for everyone at Ted and Sandi Robinson's van, plus the Texas table and even some special regalia brought all the way from Switzerland by Monika Weiss (Great to see you there; next year, bring some Morgans with you!) and several other Mog-related offerings.

The Concours broke up late Saturday afternoon, after many new friends and old acquaintances had mingled, and many of us drove out to the Rock for a beach party with "bring your own food for the fire" and burgers, chips, dogs and cold beer everywhere. After tummies were full a tug-of-war got under way, in such various categories as: "The North Against the South," "Special Mogs versus Regular Mogs," and of course, "Texans versus the World." Three guitarists led a campfire sing-along with special Morgan Morro Bay songbooks being disbursed and all joining in. The last flicker of flame from the camp fire saw the die-hards still there with their marshmallow sticks and cans of beer.

Baby Doll IV, winner of the Mayor's Trophy for Best-In-Show, Morro Bay '83.

Photo by Larry Ayers





"SKIMPEY," Special Morgans First-place Winner, Morro Bay '83. Lee Spencer.

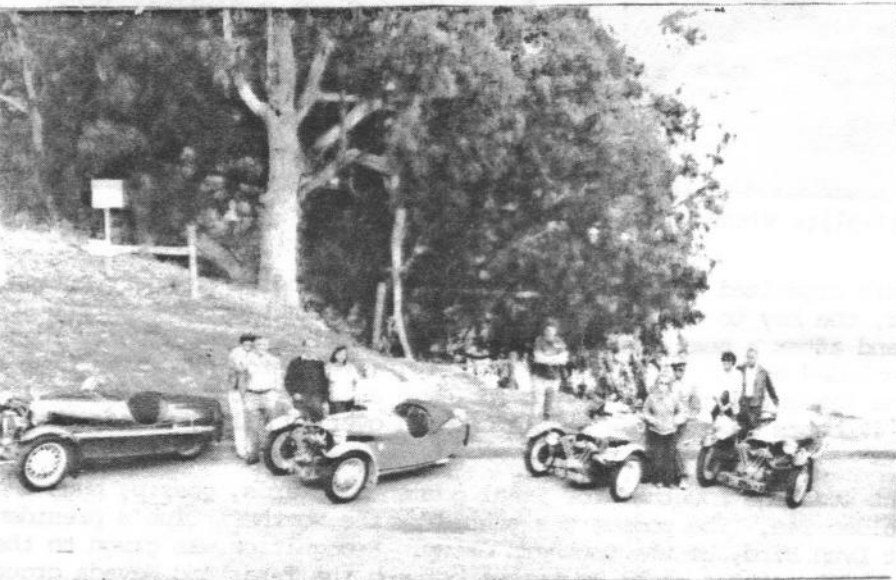
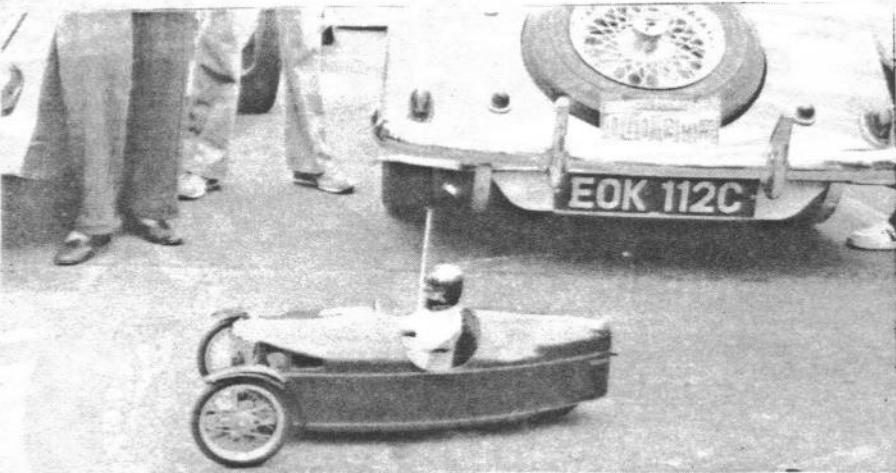
Sunday was rally time, the affair organized by Paul and Mary Lukes and handled on short notice very nicely. As they remarked later, the key to rallying is to read all the instructions before starting out (got that, George Fink?), and after a neat run through the hills and over the country roads around Morro Bay, the event concluded at the York Mountain Winery in Templeton, at which time occurred some much-deserved tasting of the fermented grape. If you followed all instructions, about 31.8 miles was correct for the course, so it beats me how some people clocked over 70 miles, unless they just like driving around in Morgans.

That evening the banquet brought everyone together for final comments, awards, gossip, hugs and kisses at a sit-down meal at the Golden Tee. The podium was shared by the Northern Club's president, Bob Schmidt, and Past-President Lynn Bird, of the Southern Group. Recognition was given to the Texas, Idaho and Nevada attendees, at which point a fight broke out between the Texas and Nevada groups as to which was most deserving of the "hard luck" award, with the Lone Stars finally taking it, along with the long-distance trophy.

But I almost forgot to mention the wonderful bagpipers! At the Scottish Highland Games at the Orange County Fair at Costa Mesa, it had been discovered that one of the bagpipers present was a Morgan owner. Lynn Bird was able to arrange an appearance of a 13-member bagpipe band to entertain us at the cocktail party on the deck, prior to the banquet. Quite a rare treat, and one of the emotional happenings of the entire event. Many thanks to the guys and gals for their super performance, and many thanks to Lynn for making it happen.

Monday morning, the Morgans once more formed a group for the planned tour of Hearst Castle, about 30 miles north of Morro Bay. If you have never been, I cannot describe it, so better come next year and enjoy a view of the best of everything that money and influence can buy (with the obvious exception of Morgans, of course)! For a modest fee of eight green ones, one gets an exciting bus ride up the hill and a 45-minute tour (one of four offered, all most interesting). Those of us who took the tour then went down the road to a neat picnic area overlooking the blue Pacific, hurling its foam over the rock outcroppings, as wine bottles were popped amidst stories of what a super event the "First Annual National Morgan Owners Meet at Morro Bay" really had been. Plans are already on the fire for 1984, which may well be an even larger and more exciting gathering than this year's. So, come on out and join us for a great Morgan time, sharing it with good friends old and new, enjoying some of the greatest weather and scenery you would ever want to see. See you at Morro Bay, in 1984!

*Editor Comment; Larry Ayers, a member of HOGMOG who unaccountably chooses to live in San Francisco, generously sent us this article. We found it easier to reprint it, however, from Rough Rider. Not from Rough Rider are Larry's photos on the next page. Larry also sent along the prize list. It's so nice to see that SNOBMOG members refrained from entering the concours and spoiling everyone else's fun.*



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This home, part of Elmbrooke Farms, was built in 1850s in Etobicoke

*Toronto Star photo; others by L Ghislanzoni*

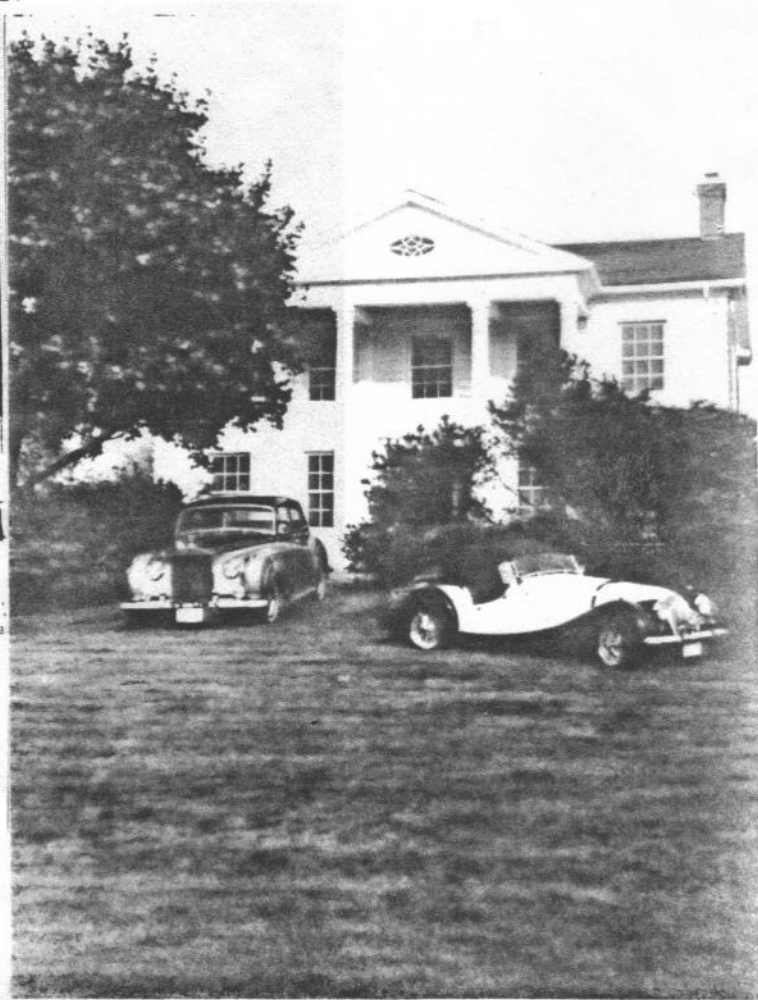
# OKTOBERFEST

Another fine Oktoberfest and the same venue as last year - the ancient (for Ontario) 130 year Elmbrooke Farm in Etobicoke, hosted by Peter and Dorothy Pfahl. Dorothy must have worked for days to prepare all the Oktoberfest desserts.

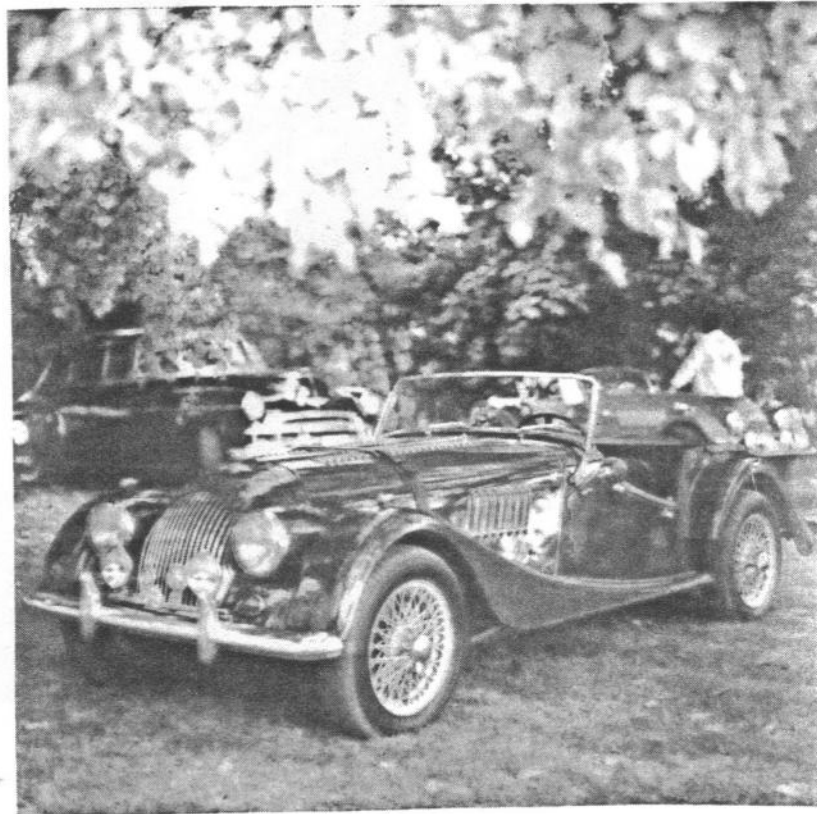
Driving past Elmbrooke Farm in the then rural Etobicoke Township is one of this writer's fond childhood memories. Gone to-day in the now City of Etobicoke are the extensive white fenced grounds and horse paddocks. But it was a pleasure after all the years to explore the noble interior.

A touch too cold for the swimming pool, the autumn day was balmy enough for festing in the poolside belvedere.

Most people know enough to avoid Etobicoke these days unless they are lucky enough to be invited to Elmbrooke Farms. You will then need to know that the "k" in Etobicoke is as silent as a Sunday in Etobicoke.



*Reg Beer attempting to imitate the classical portico of Elmbrooke Farms.*





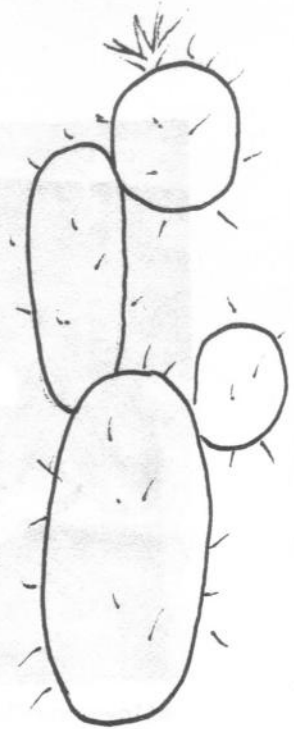
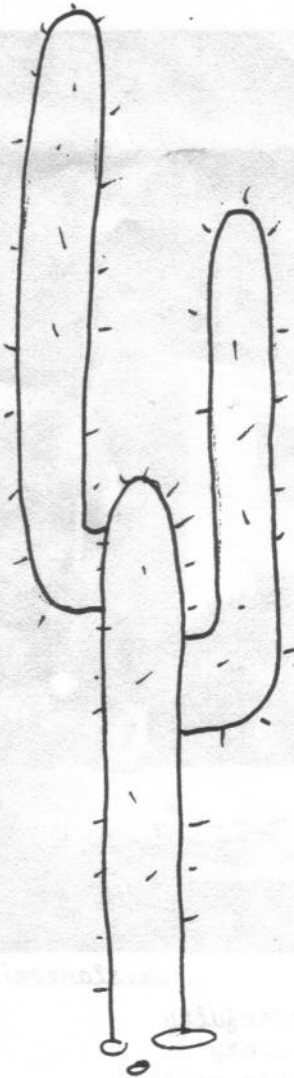
Lilliana Ghislanzoni with the Living Room Special

## A TRIP TO TEXMOG THREE

I left Kitchener at noon on Wednesday 12th October to attend the Texan Bash at the invitation of "Queen Anne and Mary Walters. Stopped in Port Dover to check a very slight problem on Rob Varey's car and onto Detroit and South. Leaving Toledo in the morning for lunch in Louisville I was forced to stop for breakfast as the rain was too heavy for safe driving and I found that I was getting too wet for comfort. This has to be one of only three or four times I have let rain stop me, that's how bad it was. In Louisville I stopped and looked at there downtown is is people orrianted, very nice. Had a chat with ED Hessel who has a D H Coupe, 4 place. Carried onto Mephis for the night and into Jefferson next afternoon. Met the Texans and went to a Catfish fry at Caddo Lake, complete with Brown Paper Bag. It turns out this area is dry. Lovely twisty road there and back. Jefferson being dry one has to be a member of a club. This was dully arranged and one person purchased a membership and asked the rest of us in around 30 crazy Morganits. A good old sing-a-long developed and a good time was had by all. Jefferson is a restored turn of the Century River port which used to have 40,000 and now has about 2500. A very interssting place to see and stay in. The hotel was all furnished with antiques. Saturday we had been asked to attend the Gilmore Yam Festival Parade. The town of 3000 was packed with ten times that number to watch. We joined the floates and bands and Princess's together with a large selection of old T Birds Model A, Dragsters etc and the East Texas Corvette Club- all shinny teeth and blaring music- who went up the narrow streets two abreast. Different and very ethnic. It was fun and then 50 miles back to Jefferson. The afternoon was a short rally in which I navigated to the correct finish but did not get the questions. There we had a slide show on restoring a Morgan and a big barbecue. Films after and finishing with Rendevous.

Back at Jefferson the group went partying to the Club, I started across the road and turned around and whent to bed, time and distance had cougth up. Just as well as Angel, one of the lady drivers had decided I was to be her next husband.

Sunday Anne and Harry talked me into going for a horse drawn wagon ride around town. A marvelous way to learn the history and see the different homes and here there history. We then had an awards brunch and headed for Houston. It was hot and Sunny so I took off my T Shirt not unusual for me. Angel looked at me and said if he is going topless so am I. We had quite a time with one 18" wheeler from Mayflower who was having quite a time looking down on Angel. As we had to stop every half hour or so for water for one car, the 18 wheeler seemed th think he better wait down the road to make sure we were O K. Next a Big Guy on a small Honda Motorcycles spied Angel as he eased by. He now had trouble passing and even came up on the shoulder, Angela car being R H D, to check out the situation.



On the outskirts of Houston after dark it started to rain. We all had our tops down so carried on to Anne and Harry's to dry out.

I stayed on a few days to see some of Houston and Galveston. That hurricane really made a mess. Spent an afternoon in San Antonio. 197 miles each way in a very quick two and half hours. I would like to see the area at a later date with plenty of time. I returned via New Orleans, a planned afternoon turned into an overnight stay. Very interesting in the Quarter. The streets are being re-bricked for next years fair. Friday was a fast run from New Orleans to Dayton and once more lots of rain.

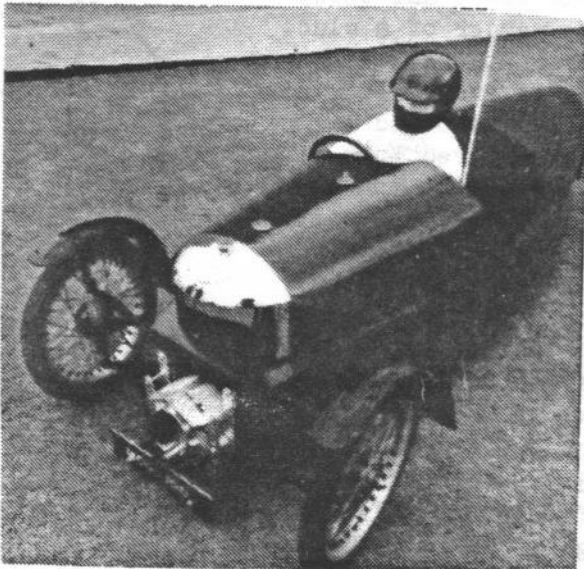
A great trip in which every one made me most welcome. I hope to go back again next year if the situation permits.

...Chris Charles



*A note from Larry Ayers...*

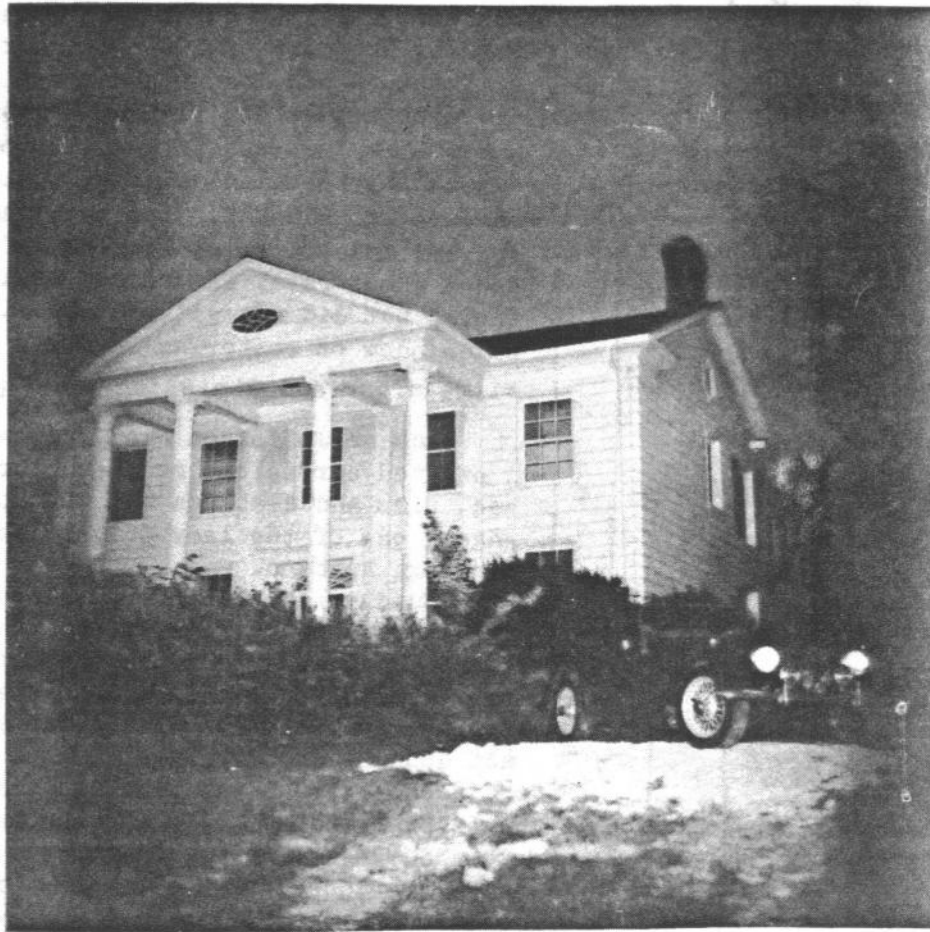
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*Ghislanzoni photo*



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